

The Ruined Bride of Velvet Nights by Brick Moving Ant

Chapter 2

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- I'd heard those words countless times over two months. Already numb to them.
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- Thaddeus grew irritated at my silence. He threw me into McLaren, forcibly taking me home.
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- When we arrived, my parents and Vivienne were having dinner. They welcomed Thaddeus while completely ignoring me.
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- “Scarlett, you look thinner. I'm so sorry, this is all because of me. If I kept silence then, maybe you wouldn't have suffered. It's all my fault..”
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- Vivienne hugged me, pressing hard against the wounds on my back. When she was close to my ear,
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- her voice was full of malice.
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- “Haha, how you felt? Those men I picked for you—did they make you scream?”
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- My face instantly turning pale. I instinctively pushed her away, demanding why she was treating me
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- like this.
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- Why frame me at the wedding? How could she treat me like this? I'm her own sister!
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- But next second, Vivienne deliberately fell to the floor. She scraped her arm and knee badly. Blood immediately stained the floor.
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- “You still hate me, Scarlett.” Vivienne's face was already covered in tears.
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- “Enough, Scarlett! I knew you were faking it,” Thaddeus shoved me aside and picked Vivienne up.
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- “You act pitiful around me, but bully Vivienne the second you see her! If you think the punishment wasn't enough, fine! Just go back to Velvet Nights! Look what you've done, how could you still show
-
- no remorse?!”
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- I caught the victorious gleam in Vivienne's eyes but felt nothing. At the sound of shouting, my body
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- automatically dropped to my knees.
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- My parents' expressions were extremely displeased, their voices cold and distant, unlike my real family.
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- “Scarlett! You've completely disgraced Lancaster family! Stripping on a livestream in front of all
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- those people—this is how we taught you! Who gave you the nerve to keep bullying Vivienne over and
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- over?!”
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- I numbly raised my head. Seeing my parents' disgusted looks, my heart completely sank.
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- My dignity had been worn away through days of torment and humiliation. All I only knew was disobedience meant pummeling and starvation. I'm terrified of the pain from getting my leg
-
- reattached.
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- “Mom, Dad, don't blame Scarlett. She's just adjusting. I shouldn't have said anything. Making her work as a server at Velvet Nights maybe too harsh.”
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- My father's face turned red with anger. He walked up and slapped me hard. I tasted blood in my
-
- mouth.
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“Ungrateful brat! You ruined your sister's life and you still throw tantrums! You'll kneel right here until you apologize to your sister!”

I trembled all over, my face turning paler.

Many clients I've taken had... particular tastes. They liked making me kneel. And now, those memories come rushing back.

I clench my teeth hard, my whole body on edge, trying desperately not to make any sound.

My father thought I was being defiant. He crouched down to look at me, about to shout, before my actions stopped him.

I trembled, crying with a vacant stare, quickly reaching for the buttons Thaddeus had redone.

“I'm sorry. I'll behave. I'm sorry. Please don't hurt me. I'll undress faster, you can do whatever you

want, I beg you...”

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